

A SECOND
DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

G--s E-e and B--b D----n.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. WEBB over-against Saint *Paul's*.

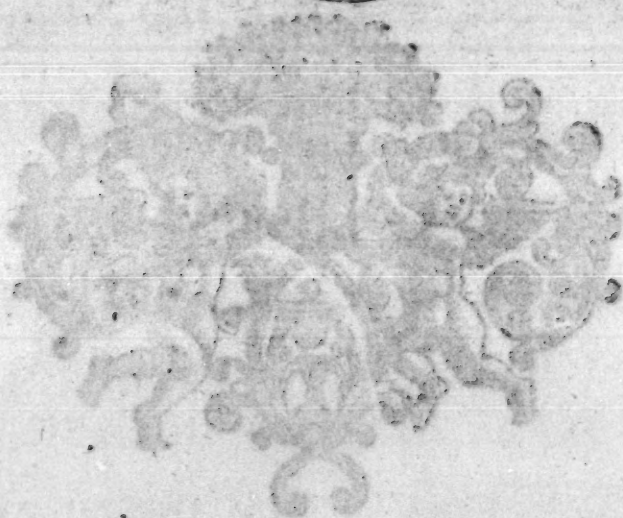
M.DCC.XLIII.

[Price Sixpence.]

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DIALOGUE

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G-E and B-D-M



LONDON

Printed for H. W. Ware over against Saint Dunstons

MDCCLXII

[Price 2s. 6d.]

A SECOND DIALOGUE

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G---s; E---e and B---b D---n.

G. E.

WHEN last we met, you Sir, thro' manly Pride,
Like *Ajax*' Ghost, in silence turn'd aside.
'Tis thus, by G---d, the † Tragic *Turk*, when beat,
Insults with Scorn the Sword he can't defeat.

B. D.

When last we spoke, I all thy Meaning heard;
Nor all thy Satire's Spleen nor Envy fear'd:
But when your Tongue defam'd the Man I lov'd,
Whom best I knew, and whom my Soul approv'd,
Thy Mind and Sense condemn'd, I left the Fool
To triumph in the Joys of Ridicule.
Save me, ye Gods! from what I most despise:
From Folly, when she's ignorantly wise.

G. E.

Ar---le you mean. By G---d I'll say't again:
And what I say, Experience shall maintain.
Whene'er that Soldier in a Statesman's Dress
Grows high in Power, and in Opinion less;
Preferment will be shut or op'd by Pay,
And every petty *Scotsman* keep the Key.
This Truth I prov'd; have bow'd, been Honour's Slave:
But did, the Service poor, its Master leave.
Yet our Certificates run different still:
Your's, *I discharge*: Mine, of *His own free Will*.

B

B. D.

† *Bajazet*.

B. D.

Once more I speak, tho' taughtless how to scold.
You claim no Merit then to what you hold?
To Wealth not Virtue, you Obeisance paid:
For by thy Words thy baser Mind's betray'd.
Wonder not at your Disappointment then;
A---le saw thro' you: for he's read in Men.
English and *Scots* have each a Share in him;
Worth shews the Man, and draws his wise Esteem.
The *Scots* approve him just: Our jealous Mold,
Still doubts the Man we love, and good we hold.
Does Prophecy awake thy daring Tongue?
Thus Devils to Man their foul Inventions sung.
No! should ev'n *G---ge*, alarm'd by Freedom's Rise,
Win him with *W---le*'s promised Sacrifice;
He'd slight his Gift, again would sheath the Sword,
Did not a King know how to keep his Word.

G. E.

By *G---d*, well prophesy'd to serve your Friend;
You can't, by Heav'n, so well yourself defend.

B. D.

Thy Accusations do not me disgrace,
Or if they did, my Friend accus'd takes place.
You say my Resignation was inforc'd---
Were ever Couple, while good Friends, divorc'd?
Had not I first oppos'd the Schemist's Will;
W---le and I were humble Servants still:
And who in evil Friendships first offends,
Strongly himself to Virtue recommends.
From South to West, still you've to Int'rest sped;
Th' attracted Needle round the Compass led.
And to your Country, were your Prices giv'n,
Would turn: As Atheist Placemen own a Heav'n.

D. B.

G. E.
 Passion and Similes! ye Gods! 'tis fine!
 What polish'd Beauties in your Language shine!
 But hear again a Metaphor from me:
 Which, D--n my Body, does with Truth agree.
 Int'rest was both our Aims: The Mark I hot.
 You aim'd; were of it wide, and so flung out.

B. D.
 Honours indeed, commendatory Fame,
 For glorious Service, were my youthful Aim.
 At first a Novice in the Statesman's Bow,
 Eager my Strength and Ignorance to shew,
 I miss'd the Point; and stood abash'd with Shame:
 But fir'd with Glory, and just Love of Fame,
 I greatly labour'd, till the Mark I gain'd;
 And the priz'd Laurels of the Field obtain'd.
 Now like a Victor, I the Strife give o'er;
 And view the Contest, I engag'd before.

G. E.
 Still Hero be of Honour's frantic Games:
 Where glorious Service merits empty Names.
 I chuse to conquer in the sportive Field:
 Where Deeds, not only Fame, but Profit yield.
 When no more Prizes crown the Victor's Shot;
 (That is, when nothing more is to be got;)
 With you I'll take my sad triumphal Seat,
 And proudly sit in Poverty and State.

B. D.
 No-- in self-gnawing Grandeur may you dwell,
 Like *Milton's* Devils in their golden Hell:
 Who Palaces of Ore around them rear;
 For discontented Wealth, and Pride were there.
 While blest A--le, ---- blest in each Excellence,
 And I, discourse in peaceful Innocence.

More

More happy I! who listen whilst he talks,
 Along the Stream, or shady *Sadbrook's Walk*;
 While Cuckew joins her Note, and Red-breast sings;
 Joys only known to those, who know no K - - -gs!
 Or if we mention your Affairs of State;
 We laugh at all the Errors of the Great;
 At Patriots loud, whose Zeal the Senate drown'd;
 Whose Passion burst, then soften'd into Sound.
 So when the Thunder breaks, the Danger's past;
 Its Bolts are only dreadful, when they last.
 We laugh at P - - -y's Title, S - - -dy's Place;
 While all the Courtiers simper in his Face:
 At C - - -t's Policies, --- that Statesman Slave!
 Who, than be thought a Fool, would shine a K - - -e:
 At old Allies, new bought with *British* Pay;
 W - - -le's Escape; Ho - - -o's Dunghil-Fray:
 At Stuff like this, K - - -, St - -, nay scarce a Lord,
 Or Placeman's Vote, but all may Mirth afford.
 Yet when we laugh, the Objects with them bring,
 Concern for *such a St - - and such a - - -

G. E.

No, No! you envy. 'Tis they laugh who win,
 You'd find a better Jest, if you were in.

B. D.

The Wife, who held to Int'rest no regard,
 Maintain'd, that *Virtue was its own Reward*.
 This I can feel: with this Ar - - -le's content:
 The Soul of War in search of Virtue spent!
 This inward Treasure, self-approving Praise,
 Our manly Souls to higher Beings raise.
 Of which blest State you judge no more aright,
 Than of an unfelt Sense; or Blindmen Light.

G. E.

* See *Colley Cibber's* Birth Day O D E.

G. E.

You now in Stoic Virtue grow so high ;
 Hark, Echo sounds *Ti tum, Di dum, Tum ti.*
 D---n me, you'll make me laugh---Such Innocence!
 Such Steadiness of Soul! such Truth! such Sense!
 By G---d I'm sick-----So You and *Ar---le* stray,
 Like the two Babes that *Robin* cloath'd with Bay:
 Or like the first good Man and Wife of old,
 E'er he had learn'd command, or she to scold.
 Yet when they wiser grew, and ope'd their Eyes,
 This state of Ignorance and Pureness dies:
 They cloath'd, of former Innocence asham'd,
 Their Nakedness with Leaves together seam'd.
 So You, by G---d, when sick of Virtue grown,
 To hide your Needs, will any Coat put on.

B. D.

Your Guile to every Phrase an Oath applies:
 The fashionable Gild to varnish Lyes.
 Swear Knaves and Cowards---I renounce them both:
 Truth speaks Itself, unaided by an Oath.
 Besides, know Sir, ill-natur'd Ridicule
 Is th' infant-borrow'd Toy, diverts the Fool:
 A Mirror bent, the Comely to debase;
 Whilst t' other Side reflects the Holder's Face.
 So this your boasted Wisdom, when they fell,
 But shew'd they lost their Heav'n, and found a Hell.

Yes, like that happy Pair in Paradise,
 We dwell with Virtue, Strangers grown to Vice;
 Nor fear Disturbance in this Scene of Peace,
 Unless you're forc'd again to change your Place.
 Like Satan, were you sent to tempt our Mind,
 You'd blast our Bowers, and infect our Kind.

G. E.

G. E.

So then you own your Virtue's to be sold.
Why not?---An Apple's Bribe is weak to Gold.
D---n you, you'd vote for *H---e* to come in Pow'r---

B. D.

Hold, good Sir *Billingsgate*, I pray give o'er.
Scurrility declares the feeble Mind;
And Passion shews the Argument resign'd.

I do not say, All Virtue's to be tempted:
Ar--le and *Ch---f---d* are, sure, exempted.
That all Mankind is frail, I don't refuse:
In this, my former Error I excuse.
If Man Infallibility could boast;
Our Parents could not err, who had It most.
No Man can reach high Virtue's distant Length:
But He's the strongest who is nearest Strength.
Vain Tempter! come: *Ar---le* and *Ch---f---d*
Defy your Power, and refuse to yield.
I by Experience too that Height acquire;
As Gold's the purer, which has felt the Fire.

Be dumb: And all the Curse, I think, you need,
Is, from your Ignorance be never freed.
Yet it would look a wise Submission meant,
Ev'n, like the Malefactor, to repent.

F I N I S.

